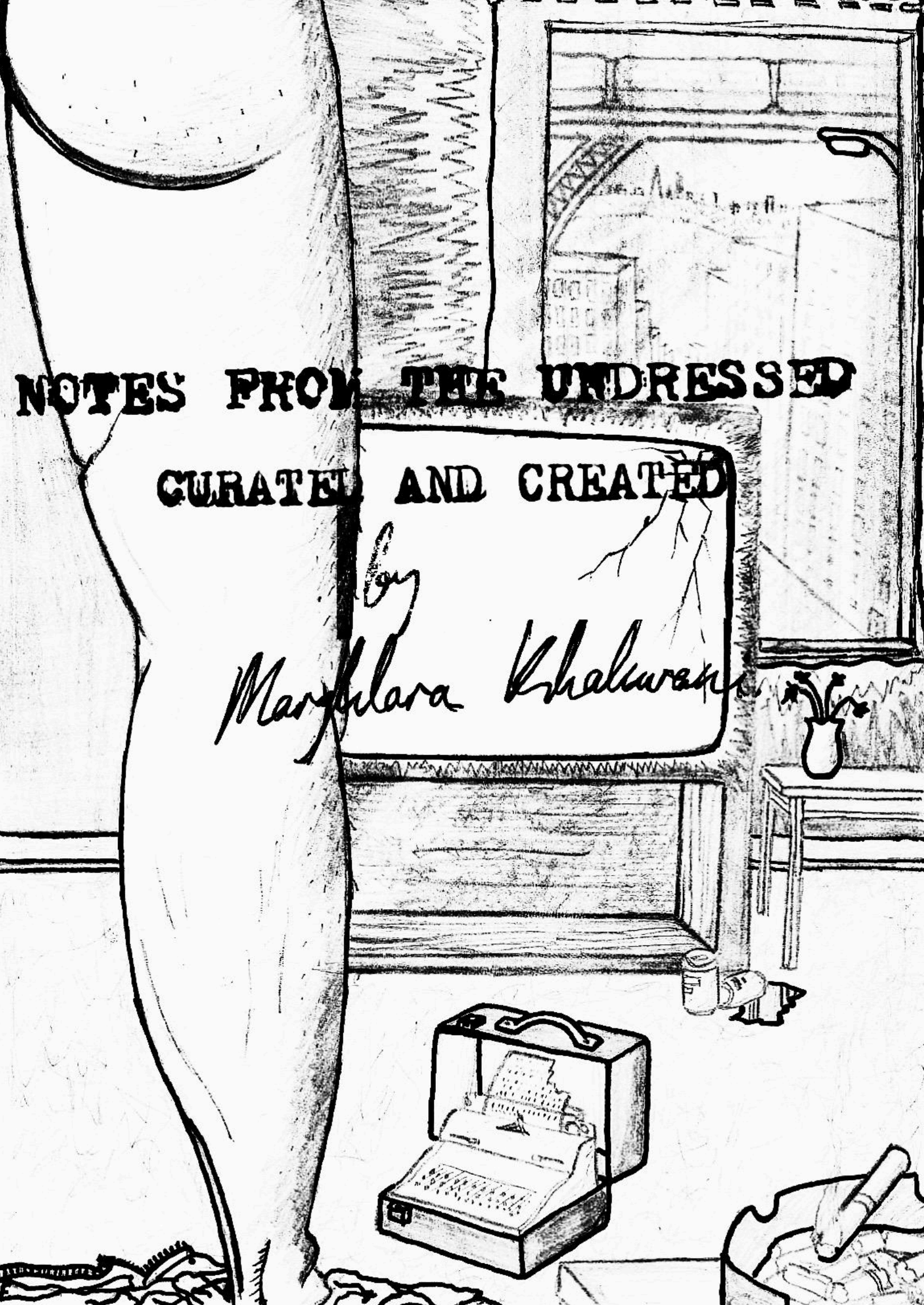

NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
CURATED AND CREATED
by
Manjulara Khalwara

NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED

CURATED AND CREATED

by

Marghlara Khalwani.

With special Thanks,

to

Aidan Saeed Brontë.

NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED
NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED

IS IT HIDDEN IN YOUR DRAWER

APERVERVISION SIGNED

WITH YOUR NAME
CRAWL BACK INTO YOUR SHAME

NAKED IN YOUR MIRROR???

DID IT MAKE YOU SMILE TO PUT IT ON MY DESK?

IT MADE ME SMILE
TO FIND IT ON MY DESK

ALL THE NOTES FROM THE UNDRESSED.

The flat

HALLWAY
KITCHEN
BEDROOM
AN OPEN DOOR
BATHROOM
~~WINDOW?~~
WINDOW, PEOPLE
WATCHING.

[redacted]
LIVING ROOM

HALLWAY

(Doudou)

Ancrage
Aux yeux doux
qui me suit
Qui me sait

Plushy
Anchoring me,
Sweet-eyed
Following me
Knowing me

JOEL BILAND

TRIAL BY SIN:

THE AGE OF SIN

Man thrived and yet, Man wasn't satisfied. With minds heavy full of gold, Humanity looked to the heavens, seeking what only they thought was their birthright. Seven of humanity's greatest sinners, high on borrowed power, had torn their way up the stairs of heaven in the name of the greater good. The Angels did not even fight back, in shock of what they had created and seeking a blood-bathed atonement- such is their nature. Slaughter, plunder, and all the sin the seven could muster, had stained the purity of what once stood as their protectors. Divine blood dripped from the skies and right when blood turned to rain is when Humanity knew they had sinned.

Individuals baptised by the liquid sin wept, for they knew immediately when the fruits of The Angels sacrifice had stained their skin. Despite Humanity's evil acts, The Angels still had the power to forgive, such is their nature. While the Angels ultimate goal was forgiveness, this last act of selflessness was to protect humanity from what came next for they knew that sin was the key.

Brimstone rose from the bowels of the earth, heralding the coming of the infernal. The Angels were an inhibitor for what evil lay underneath.

After The Angels were killed, The Demons and their wretched Hellspawn crawled and swarmed out of crags of hellfire, scarred onto the Earth. Life on Earth was ravaged, most succumbed to their people's cardinal sin but some survived.

Those stained by the blood of the divine had later developed a new organ that let them channel the power of the world around them, or whatever is left of it. The Stained or The Sin-Stained eventually lived through the initial cataclysm, with their children benefitting from the same gifts they had. Over time, the Earth that Humanity once knew had been broken beyond identification and thus was rightfully named Purgatory. A bloodied eulogy to the death of Humanity's future, a final sermon for either the death of the heavens or the age of sin, which? They know not, however one thing is certain: It is in human nature to sin.

MARCEL MAKSYMOWSKI

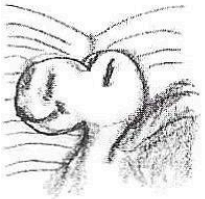
Joel Biland.

COVER
Place where the body emerges
The death-slumber
Sleep-place
Place-out
of time

To the pages a-swirling
Towards the sense
brakeless

Place-sole
Sound-place

And the world
Immense
Within



(Couverture)

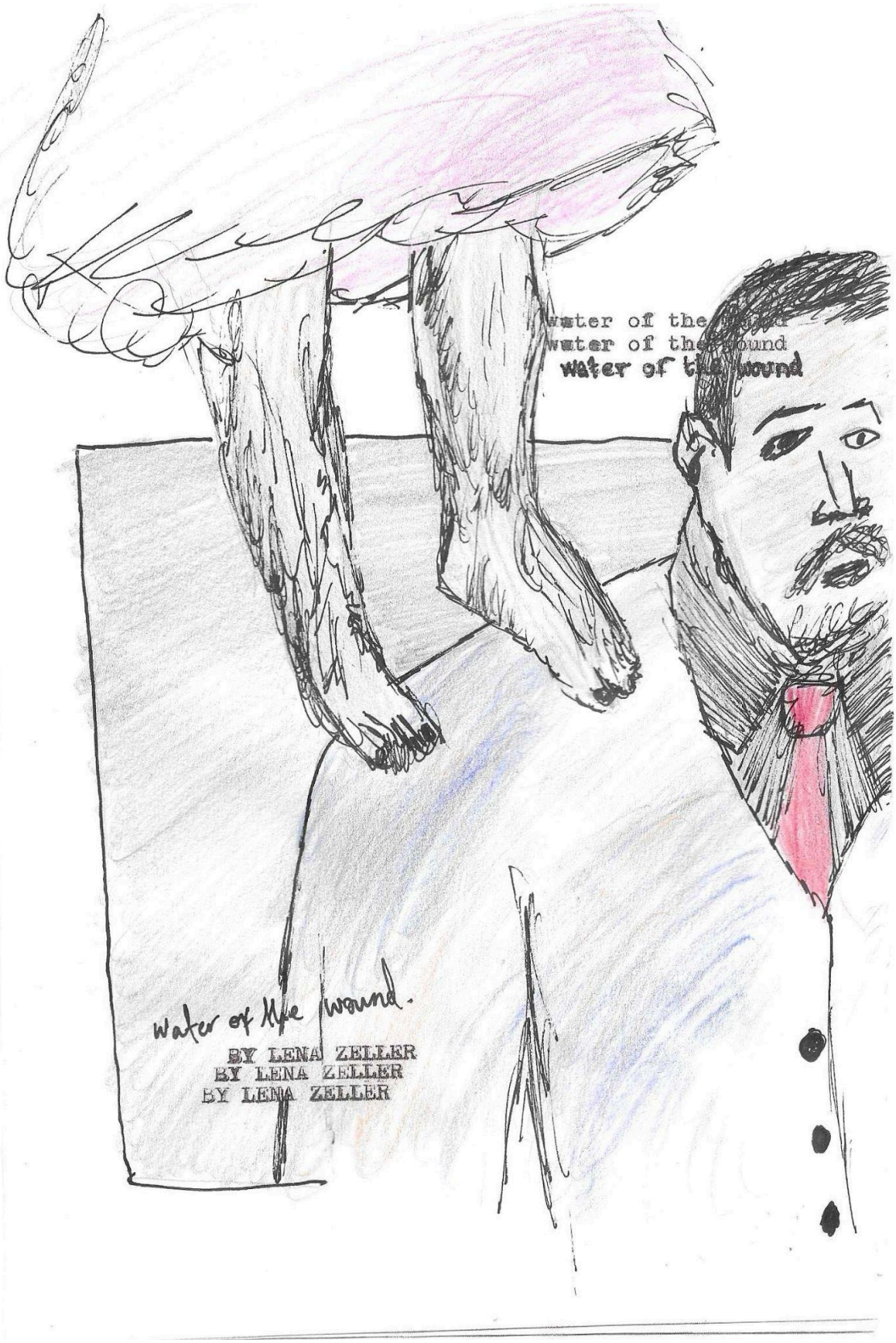
Lieu où point le corps
La mort-sommeil
Lieu-dort
Lieu-hors
Du temps

Aux pagesqui tourbillonnent
Vers le sens
Effrenné

Lieu-seul
Lieu-sûr

Et le monde
immense
Au-dedans

KITCHEN


water of the wound
water of the wound
water of the wound
water of the wound.
BY LENA ZELLER
BY LENA ZELLER
BY LENA ZELLER

i allow my father to bare his throat to me

and i give him nothing of consequence.

i am kind for not pouncing. i am woman,

nurturer.

his vulnerability wounds me more than him.

i am high off illusory power. i circle him

like a drain, i will circle the wound of him still

when he's gone.

all of our words are rehashed and useless

and more profound than anything ever said

anywhere in the world.

i would allow him to lay his body over mine

and let the arrows pierce him, like that painting of a sheep,

and think, good.

my father taught me how to mother.

my father taught me how to hold myself tight,

a coil forever unsprung. anger dies

slow painful deaths, pierced by my ribs.

i suffocate in his image.

i find in me a grace saints would fear.

if i was all his children i would do fine.

if i was him i would form gentle things

like clay under my hands.

i do not fear death as much as I fear

the way he talks of himself like a person who is martyred, always.

i pretend proximity to him is a great feat of altruism.

i pretend my words can pierce his skull.

his words were in me before i could speak.

when i die they will find his rib in my belly.

GUTTING FISH ANITA JERGIC

G U T T I N G F I S H

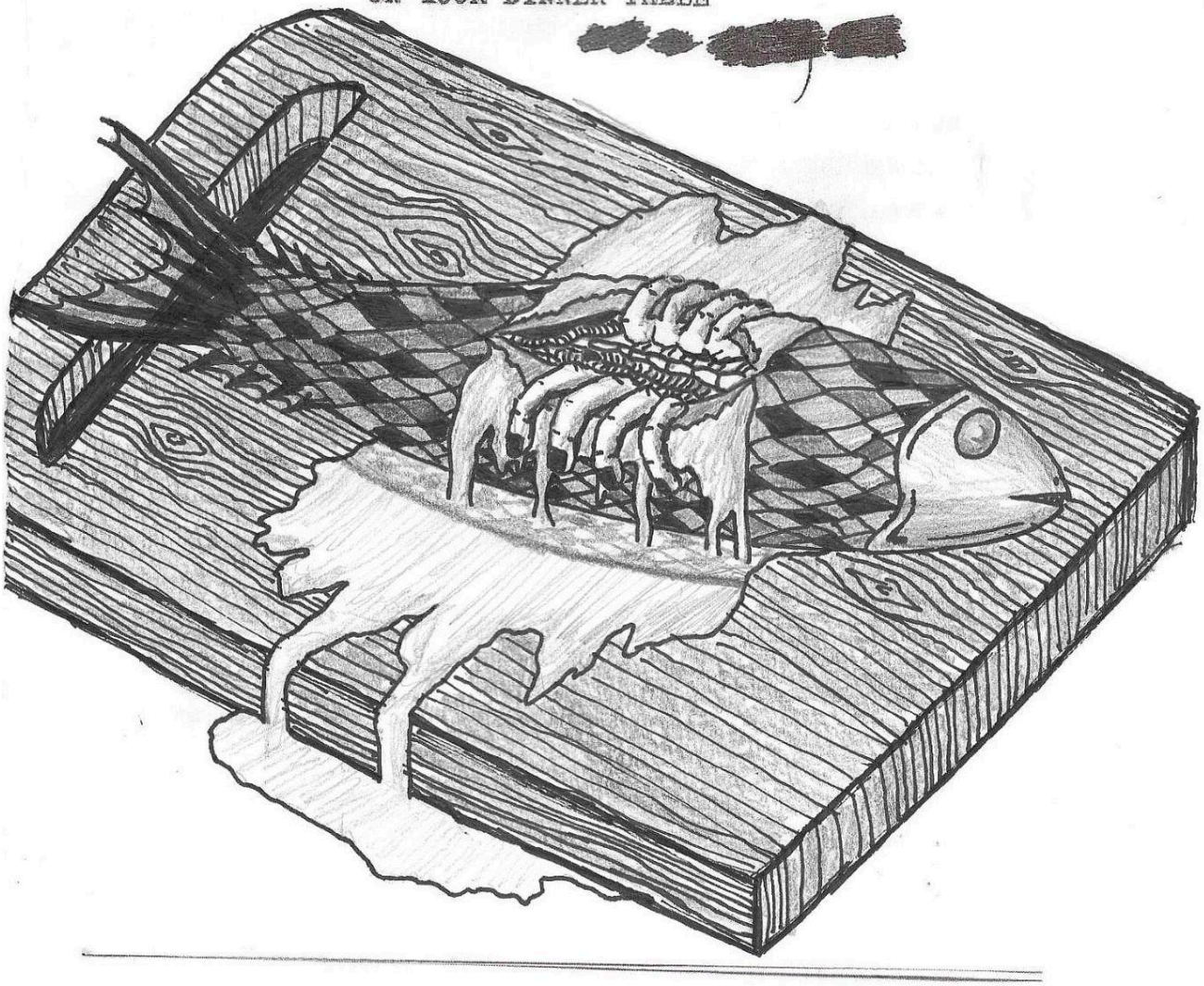
G U T T I N G F I S H A N I T A J E R G I C

R E C I P I E S [redacted]

The Jergic Special

FOR: SEA AND FRESH WATER FISH
ON YOUR DINNER TABLE

[redacted]



Gutting Fish

Fearless of stomach fluid, I stick the knife in. I hold it at an angle, so the shiny blade throws shimmering patterns on the walls, and slice to the left. When I pull the knife out, it is covered in a thick green paste. Green bile and god knows what spill out of the thick sack and spews onto the wooden chopping board. I watch it seep across the hard surface, run in little rivulets through cracks where I have been too hard with the knife. I look from bile to eye, and then scrape out the rest of what I by now presume is the guts. The eye watches me, glassy and small, like a dull marble. I try to look for my reflection, but the green-grey of the iris is stony, the pupil vacant.

Perhaps I should have cut the head off first. But the stained instruction sheet said to cut the underside first and then snip off the fins. I hunt for the kitchen scissors I'm not sure I own, so I hold the blade of the knife between my thumb and forefinger, and pick up the fin with my other hand.

Small and sharp, it sticks to the scales, so I tug it and launch my hand onto the edge of the blade. Blood blooms on my cracked skin, then drips onto the chopping board. Pooling into a thick bubble before bursting into a splatter, rushing at the bile. They merge into an ugly brown, swirling together until I feel sick, and then I turn the tap on.

The fish watches me

wait for the cold water to run, and I lose my patience. I fling my hand under the tepid water,
dry it on the towel leaving a murky stain,
and make a haphazard bandage with kitchen roll.

Then I chop the head off.

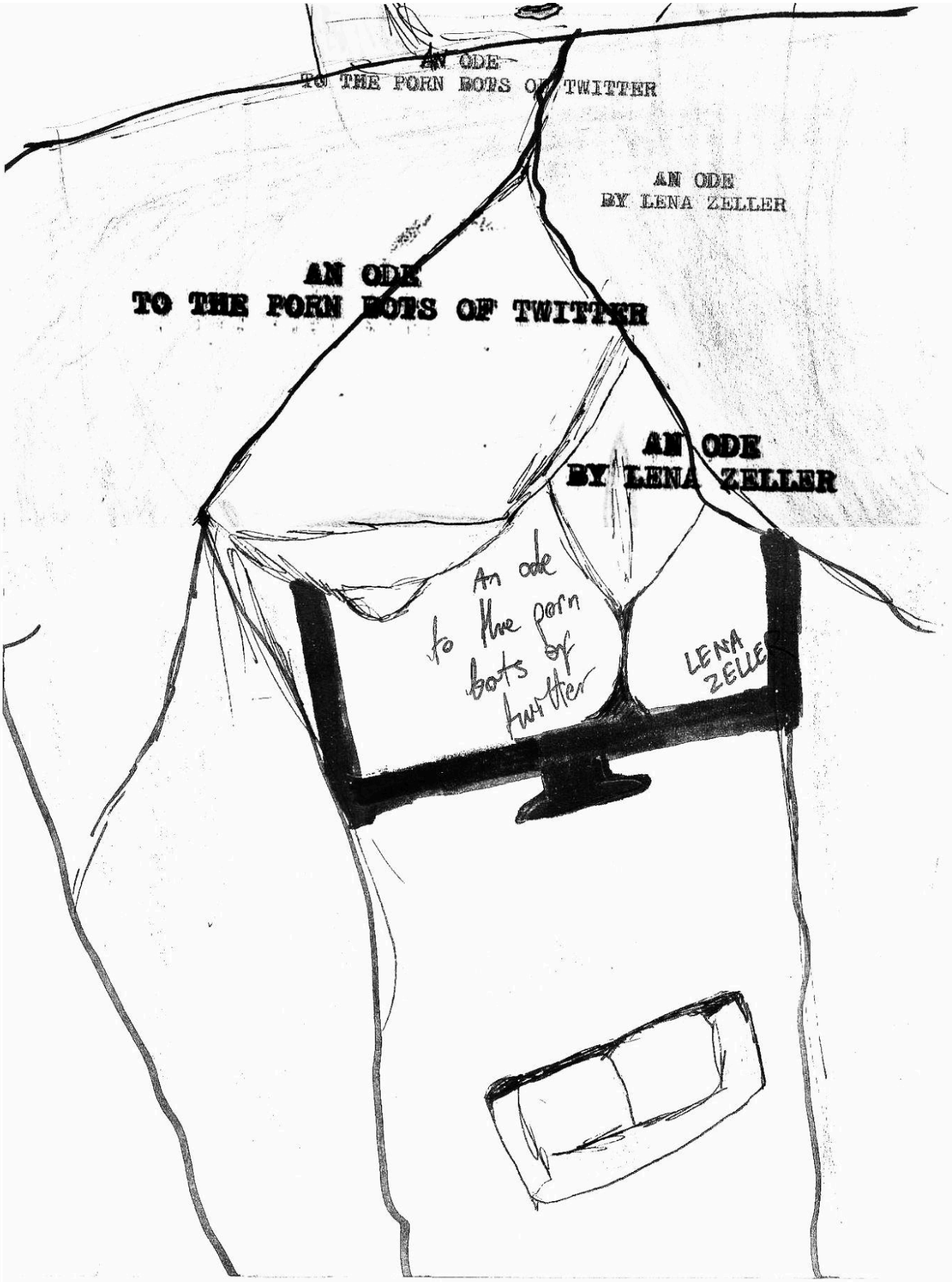
I hold the fish
down
by the fins
I couldn't cut
and swing the knife down,
sharp.
I feel it
stick
into the wooden board
beneath me,
and watch the fish spasm,
briefly flopping up
and then falling down.
As if it wanted to spring
into life and dive
into the bucket of fish
on the floor next to me.
When it settles,
I try to pry
the knife
off the board.

The glassy eye still watches me, and I stare back, into the murky brown depths of its iris.

The glassy eye still watches me, and I stare back, into the murky brown depths of its iris. Raising myself off the board, I reach out to the knife with both hands, but the thick scales are heavy and I flop down. I raise myself again and crawl forward, squirming and sliding. I succeed

in prying the blade off, but the knife is too heavy for me to hold, and I let it fall
to the floor with a tinny clang. Dragging myself
to the end of the board,
I look down.
At the knife,
at the bucket. of fish. As I heave
myself
forward
I feel something warm and sticky cling to me, and I realise
I'm half. covered
in a pool of my blood
and fish guts. The fish blood
and my guts. My blood and guts.
Clenching my hands until they turn pale, I look back down at the bucket of fish and feel dizzy.
I stare at the eyes of the fish in the bucket.
They stare back. I wink at the dead eyes.

I wonder how deep the dirty water is. Would I be able to taste the salt? I raise my head and push off,
and I feel the weight of my tail follow suit and propel me down.


AN ODE
TO THE PORN BOTS OF TWITTER
AN ODE
BY LENA ZELLER
AN ODE
TO THE PORN BOTS OF TWITTER
AN ODE
BY LENA ZELLER
An ode
to the porn
bots of
twitter
LENA
ZELLER

beautiful women over 40 in your area,

meet 69 local milfs on the prowl, i swear

i am a real girl, real woman, teenage girls

looking for sex in your city

real girl faces, real feet if you click on this link,

this link will set you free, for *19.99*

you can watch this video of real-life,

every-day, hard-working women in your vicinity,

mothers and teachers and plumbers and

girls, so many girls, christian girl-women,

virgin-whores, real girl vagina and asshole *FOR YOU*

under-age, over *18,99%* off just for you, I want

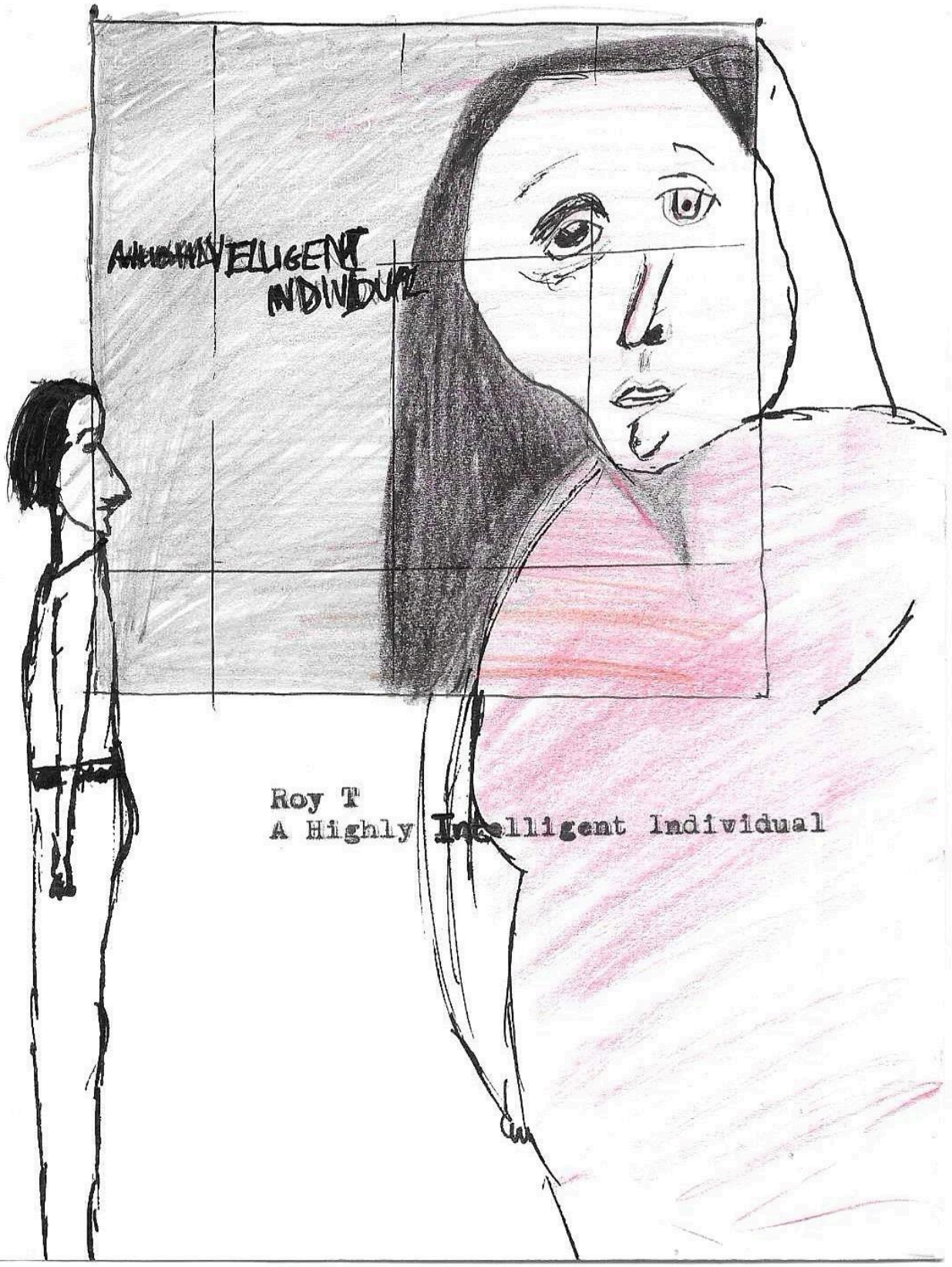
to call you on the phone, want to hear you breathe,

want to hear all the slurs you collected just for me,

beat me, fuck me, kill me, real women 10 miles from your house,

waiting, waiting just for you, two legs and

four breasts, *real real real*


ELLIGENT
INDIVIDUAL
Roy T
A Highly Intelligent Individual

ONE DAY
ONE DAY
ONE DAY

you are going to look around and realise
that everyone you had dismissed

as vapid and shallow had

in fact, souls infinitely vaster than yours,
and that you had dug yourself
into a hole
of self-pity with no one to turn to,
no one to look at,
and no one to be with.

That the people whose convictions you had

dismissed as irrational

were infinitely more human than you ever were,
and that you were full of your own conviction
in hatred and prideful intellectualisation. That you are no better— worse, in fact, than the people who are not nearly as steeped in

discourse, poetry, and identity

as you are, and that there was no effort on your behalf to meaningfully connect with them.

The world is hopeless, you'd professed,

whilst refusing to find the kindness and love in the addicts, cheaters, and gossips around you. On that day, you will crawl back to the warmth of your own mind in search of comfort, only to realise that the heat was an illusion of rapidly onset hypothermia— and that your empathy has all along been freezing to death in an endless field of snow.

ONE DAY
ONE DAY
ONE DAY

BEDROOM

A Woman Made for Love

is Not You

1. ROOM

a woman is found arranging herself

a dance, a flash of ass, a technicolour dawn

a woman is watching the cinema of herself

wet

stains on the sofa are no longer foreign

2. GENESIS

born splintered

born

under his splintered fingertips. The story is the pause between your thighs and

3. HOWL

ambition is a mess on his bedroom floor and he's talking to you just like your daddy does when he gets mad and the bulb is forging light you are forging light in a bulb no you are forging a moon and it was Ginsberg who taught you the empty streets were paved by prophets not men the poets were the prophets you were once a poet but it never worked you were a woman who knew everything and you were a woman who got nothing counting cash next to Sully on the sofa waiting for a call to pull up the next trade but he's not Sully his name is Simon or something like Samuel something you forget something you've forgotten sitting next to him and you don't know what it means when he draws over the canvas of your body with his splintered fingertips getting sick off of all of it getting high off of all of it and you were once somebody and it meant something those pages between your fingertips and now you are something and the bulb is forging a light and this is when you say *God feels good* and Simon or Samuel stops talking because you say *God feels good now that I remember nothing and I found out the sky has a ceiling and I was going to make a joke about the ozone but that's not funny now because you you you look like Abdul well you feel like Abdul like its two minutes before my clothes are off and you become a stranger again but Abdul never touched me and that was his own murder that was murder in his car but he*

never touched me but he also didn't take me home he didn't really take me anywhere all I really wanted was a ride anyways and he was the only guy we knew with a car and you stop because he's not talking and his face has wrinkled and its just been his thirtieth and you spent the night dreaming if he'd miss you when you're no longer seventeen and by his door
And God feels good, just then, when you realise that your body has become your only resting place, you start calling him by the wrong name, it starts to feel good, all of it, all of what you're taking off, that place between sex and suicide, turning yourself off to become wherever his rough hands guide you. You've stopped talking now, he's finished, you start to forget.

4. WASHING THE DAUGHTER

A man is smoking on a sofa. It is an empty room. There is a kitchen, there is a window and a stained bedsheet to cover them. A child is bleeding through her jeans. She needs to borrow some money to wash them.

5. TESTIMONY

I was there,
while dreams caught other sleepers,
I was there.

I remember that I couldn't quite make out his face from the wall.
And I was standing and then I couldn't.
There was a painting above his bathroom door.
I walked out of his room
towards the bathroom because
I couldn't quite see and then

I'm not sure how it happened.
I tell this story saying that I
didn't want it, its never quite
believed.

I was half-naked, I was high, I was smiling
but I was a child too.

The room wasn't
foreign and a plate I was eating
from had my crumbs sat on
the coffee table. The curtain
was on a hook, pushing in
the piss of Tooting.

And I was there, on my knees, head bent
under his splintered fingertips.

MARGHLARA KHAKWANI

Materiality

The undone bed
is the bed
Lived in

The warmth
of the body
Leaving
Its nest

At the edge
Of sleep

Objects
Hypersensitive

Joel Biland

~~bed~~
read
literature

lit.
joël biland
lit.lit.
lit.lit.lit.

(Matérialité)

Le lit défait
Est le lit
Vécu

La tiédeur
Du corps
Quittant
Son nid

À la lisère
Du sommeil

Les objets
À fleur
de peau

Presence

What is life?

it is

sitting
on a man made bed
in another person's clothes

staring
into bubbly walls

The Violent Realisation

Of The Ending
Of It All

The Cross Contamination Of Brain Waves
Summer Fall
and
Me Him

Or her
Or you

we
us
it
Total Nothingness. Yet Anything At All.

I'll tell ya what
Its no breath,
Or person,

Or plant
Or 42

Endurance and continuance. *Life.* *Is just this.*

Trinity Fry

Lever

The body
By piece
Lying

Crumbles
Withers

Then
Falls asleep

The day
Breaks

(lever)

le corps
Par pièces

Qui s'étend

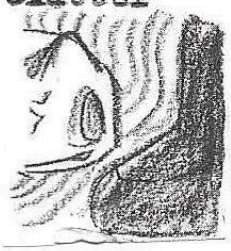
S'effrite
S'étiole

Puis
S'endort

Le jour
Se lève

Joel Biland

Gaze-Beyond
Under the bed
The clutter



(Outre-regard)

sous le lit
le chaos

AN OPEN DOOR

I sat on a flickering.

platform _

Dancing on
the Blue-teal
PUPPET STRINGS
that caught
in the back of
my throat
like wire

. .
. .
. . .
. .
. .

Glowing *under a million bitten bulbs clenched on by glass jaws Like fibre optic mistletoes Like webs on your childhood drawings like the stitches I needed in my arm when I ran away from the A&E before they found me in a field*
ROTTING IN A RABBIT HOLE WITH BUNNY BLOOD COAGULATED ON MY TEETH

I sat on a bench
Waiting
In a part of my mind
Waiting
to be lit up by something

still, at the **platform**

~~Waiting~~

at the platform for something more substantial than a streetlig

In a metal rocking chair I feel it in my scalp, I think it's BLEED

I N

G

.

.

.

قَسْوَةُ القَلْب

Everything is SHAKING and it's all going to fall down onto the floor

I fell off the bench
I sat on the bench and into the needles
I fell off the bench and into high
I was rattling on the
floor coughing **blood**

~~As you rained through me~~
Not yet

Two yellow eyes
Like angel eyes seek me under the rust and tan my own

Yellow like a ~~STAR*~~
Or plasma

OR A FAI
L
I
N G
l i v e r

a cigarette burns into the back of my mind
Scorched earth light burns my palm like a grill
I am dying,
Honestly
They think it's a haemorrhage
Doors open and the wind is gone

The light on the train has fad
~~**The light on the train has fade**~~
~~**THE LIGHT ON THE TRAIN HAS FADED**~~

Lights on the train go off
and the engine hums
engine engine number 9
You walk out of the black
And into the blue
And I **catch** you
There through the glass

Searching for the same
ESCAPE الشهادة
In a different shade

In a different light

The door rumbles

We are so
Close

The doors **open**
You step onto the soil
From the seat you left
And ~~find your way~~
soak into my skin
in the form of light

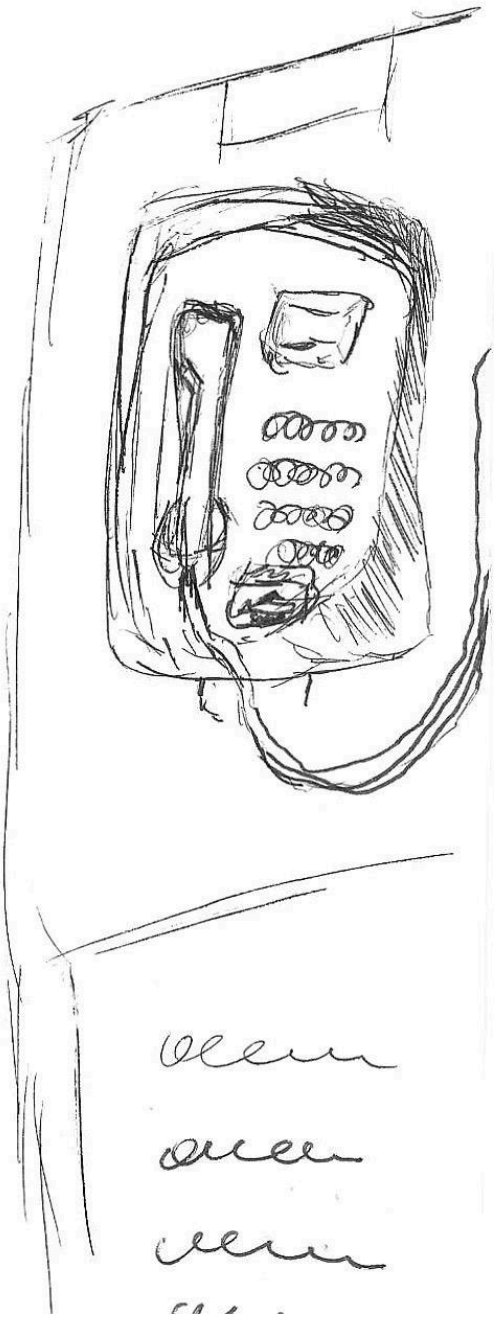
الأُلْفَة

A woman of gold and emerald
green sapphire and blue and
Teal, BLUE TEAL
Painted in **pearls**
Patterned in posters
Licked on walls by kisses
Boots black
Crunching snow angels
Into burning cement
Under metal petals
And broken lights
Glowing sparks
As you pass under them
Walking to the teal-blue
It has left the platform
But you remain
Soaking into me
You bite me
I see you

AIDAN SAEED BRONTE

CALL FOR PICK-UP
RETURNS ONLY

[redacted]-9810
[redacted]=9768
[redacted]- 5643
[redacted]-4629
[redacted]-7539
[redacted]000000000000
[redacted]-0000000000000



the door is closed
there is still the road

SCATTERING

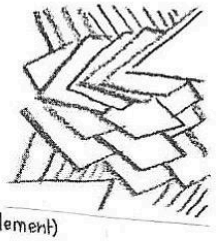
PENCILS BY STROKE
PAPER CHAOS

WHERE NOTHING
IS
IS BORN
THE UNMOVED

IMPLOSION
INERT

FORCE
ENDANGERED
OF EMPTIED DREAMS
THE DREAMS FALLING ASLEEP
AT THE SHORES OF EMPTINESS

JOEL BILAND

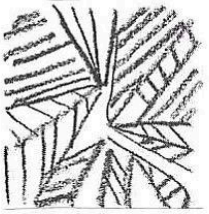


(Éparpillement)
Crayons par à-coup
Chaos de feuilles

Là où rien
N'est
Naît
Ce qui ne se meut

Implosion
Inerte

Force
engendrée
Des rêves évidés
Les rêves qui s'endorment
Aux rives du vide



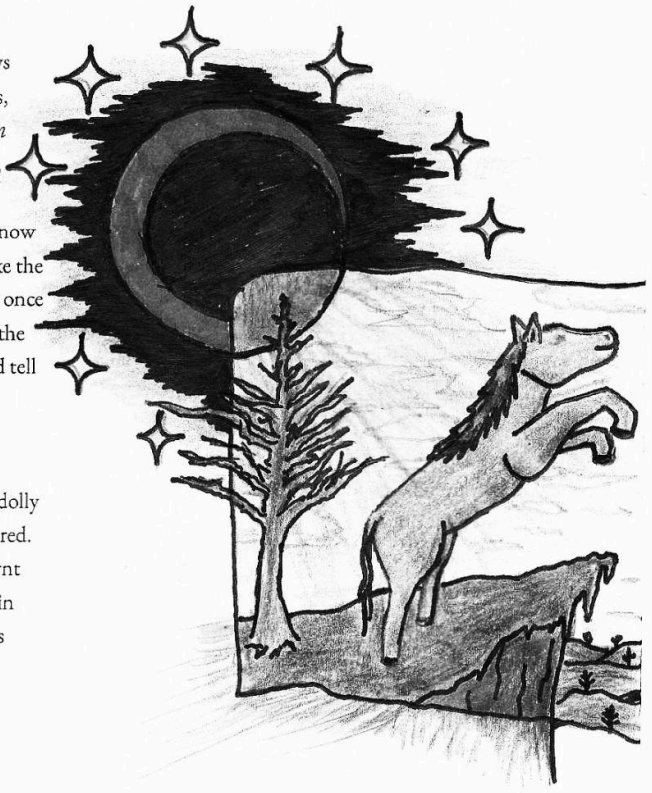
'Persian Princess'

Doll Diaspora

A Story by Deniz Daryaei Sarabi

"How to fix balled joints?"- never searched that up in the end, sorry. Only crossed my mind now, on the way to the car: never tried to fix your legs back home for winter. Online, off shelves, you make a quick buck. Spoiled little girl, just buy another doll, stashing her away because those black doll eyes look right at you and make shame cry.

Little me would stomp for shirini, and baba always bought it for me. Now that I'm older he recounts, *"eshgham, it's because I relished that sweetness when I was your age,"* he, gone forty, gone fifty, can kid, *"I'm the genie of the lamp, the world is yours if you grab it."* I did not know how lucky I was not to know my own luck. Now I wonder if sweetness can make the sun rise across your tongue when you taste it only once a month. Under cover of the darkest night, when the moon closes her eyes, when no one can watch and tell you not, how gently do you ravage zoolbia?



Dust collects on the streets and lint sticks to your dolly dress, flies up with stampede, again sticks back to red. So small you fit in my clean palms, and I never learnt how your leg is done. Baba recounts that once again the streets are riled with sediment, but the moon is gone so my phone is not on.

When I bleed there's glimmers of maman, baba, streaking through the white, clean flesh. But red always scared me, so I wrap it with white bandages and hope it'll dry quicker than you can say *"Dar-ya-ei"*. Wrap it, and wrap it, and tie it up, and try to sound English

Wrap it, and wrap it, and tie it up, and try to sound English
when I go to the pub but the bartender still says,
"oi, you're bleeding, love". Try my best to shrink
into the jagged lines that make this island and swell
with pride that never ran through me. An ebony mane
that grows back to black no matter how much you burn
it brown, and swelling black eyes with black eyebrows
maman says to wear like a crown but God, God knows I
tried to blend into this mixing pot, these spices- but sumac
always did have that kick.

Maman, please, it's not clumsiness but shame when my
shoulders snag on cornered halls. Home never fit just right;
couldn't read the writing on the walls. But at home the
Persian carpets never not warm- fingers freezing stroke through
paisley, through fuzz, and soon the sofreh will set a meal on.
Maman sends me off with chai, zereshk, saffron, she does this
without heed, no thought, carefree- they cross the lines to rest
in my half-hanged cupboard. Bacheha say they love my roar,
the one my mother handed to me. Her roars birthed my wild
witch laughs that I laugh so free and bacheha laugh and love
democracy but we don't hear the roars in the dust streets.
Though we can bleed, we look at our hands and we think
they're still white, still clean, you see? Victorian silence does
ot need to smuggle itself to rest on lines where you are worth
the town's weight in shirini.

My friend, I hope we bled out maman and baba's country enough
for us to drive back home tonight. I'm sure my spoiled little girl's
memory serves me right, and Iran will stay crystallised how I saw
it at thirteen. Look, my phone says British roads are icy.

DENIZ DARYAEI SARABI

BATHROOM

Mess

The here and there
is me.

Mess

The here and there
is me.

Mess

The here and there
is me.

(Fourhi)
Le ça et là
C'est moi

Joël Bland

Music
right at the ear
A pipe
Gorging itself
Of suffocating water
Water stagnating
water rejuvinating
Numbing
My movements
Take me away
poured
Somewhere far
From
The running waters

(Musique)
À même l'oreille
Un tuyau
Qui s'engorge
D'une eau qui étouffe
Eau qui stagne
Eau de jouvence
qui engourdit
Mes mouvements
Emporte-moi
Épanché
Au loin
de
Vives-eaux

DISCLOSURE BY MARY KIELY

Burying
the unspoken
words
so grievously
they are
secreted

they are
from every crack. *or fragment,*

depriving
words
of air,
deceiving and twisting

the letters

into what
others *desire or perceive*

suppressing any
sound
or rhythmic
couplet
with similar
tones
or rhymes, *denying*

the hold
and power formed.

Hiding
the words out of plain sight for silent relief , *memory*
receptors fail

intentionally, *all systems shut down,* fabrications
purged.

trauma resurfaces with
Pandora's box *unleashing*

a conundrum of *fatal disasters.* Wavering off
unequivocal

assent of memory
to the fullest.

Dreams of dying
like a martyr,

are for the people
who play
it safe

i thought
you will die for what?

God

has told you are noble

pursuits

YOUR

COUNTRYFAMILYLOVERDARLINGSCOUNTRYFAMILYLOVERSDARLINGS

YOUR
country

darlings

lovers

family

i had dreamt
of dying

FOR:
a more novel cause.
I would die

for what?

God

has told me are useless
FOR: pursuits

~~ALCOHOL~~
ALCOHOL SEX MUSIC IDENTITY.

BUT either way you and I would be dead. Bleeding
out in the battlefield for our humanity.
and as the wind
lays its claim
to our bodies,

we will wonder what we had lived for.

ANONYMOUS

cards

There
Operates
The/
Through
his laws

There
he
Falters
Rule
by rule

JOEL BILAND

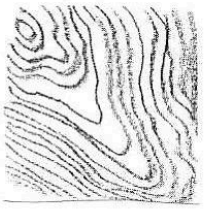
Cartes
Voilà
Qu'opère
Le je
À travers
ses lois
Voilà
qu'il
s'écroule
Règle par
Règle

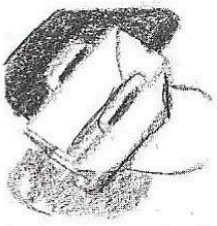
(Cartes)

Voilà
Qu'opère
le je
À travers
Ses lois

Voilà
qu'il
s'écroule
Règle par
Règle

cartes
Voilà
Qu'opère
Le je
À travers
ses lois
Voilà
Qu'il
S'écroule
Règle Par
Règle





WINDOW?
WINDOW? PEOPLE WATCHING.

Curtains For Sale

EST. FACTOTUM 2025

A fishmonger takes down
his curtains. This is for the
parade of worn footprints.
He does not wash his hands.
They are sworn to his day
and the day is leaving. He
must now re-enter into a
conference with youth, dreaming.

Night was due its distance.
Instead, it is stuck beside
a fishmonger who is dragging
himself into smoke. Night is
stuck beside a fishmonger who
studies the pores of thought,
who comes a way with life,
with cancer at the centre of
all living. Because somewhere
in the South of Lewisham a
betting game has kicked
strangers into stories.

He has taken down his curtains
to watch the gamble.

A woman who was once
a bride walks through an
open door. A fishmonger
has taken down his curtains.
He watches the culture of
brown eyes and their painting
of pants. Once an art, now

a cancer.

A woman pawns her night
for a fucking. She knows
everything so she leaves with
nothing.

She is a blister on the wall.
A yellow bulb glares at her
soles, arched backwards into
the sweat of a hardwood floor.
Tonight she is a spy in
the house of another name.

A rented kitchen rents heat
from a stove on low. A
fishmonger pokes holes in
his empty pockets.

A fishmonger watches
cancer again,
man and woman again.

He borrows the night again
tracing the figures, his poems
scraped off factory walls, left
in the conference of his youth.

Because somewhere in the
South of Lewisham, he is afraid
of a closed door.

MARGHLARA KHAKWANI

OLD DUST. **.CRIMPLED PAGES**

crisp air cleans your lungs with
it's spiky bristles, punctures, pierces, pain
but you breathe in a little
longer, because for some
reason

it kinda feels
nice its fresh, and dirty

he sits down, opens the book page
105 the cracks begin
to show when ...
It's getting real good, damn.

the woman runs across the road
Pacing Panting Pain
flashing. .cars. .sounds
resembling mice copy cats
imitation metaphors words, sounds
dialled down disease on a tree
he can't help
himself, he's engrossed

the nitty gritty descriptions tear you

away
away
again

TRINITY FRY

What could have been

Every once in a while I have a dream,
Which when consumed imbues a strange feeling.
A sprinkle of joy, a dash of rage, and heavy on the sadness.
Reminding me what could have been.

Time moves faster as you get older,
Imagine you are a child driving through a city, late at night,
Every light an opportunity, there and gone.
Some you see for a second,
Others a little longer.
Some you get sick of,
And some you never even realise were there.
That last one is you.
I never saw you until you left.

Wasn't it Yeats who wrote of Wandering Aengus?
The Irish youth God searching for love,
Through ethereal forests and war torn lands?
Didn't he long to find where she had gone,
To kiss her lips and take her hands?
Hadn't he known a moment,
Yet still decide to search
For her,
For the rest of his neverending life?
Isn't it strange the things we love most are the things out of reach?

Well, imagine the pain I feel now,
Knowing I had you my whole life.
Back to the dream.
I wake up in the ocean, not a beach. An ocean
Of nothing, no sand to stand on, for it is in my eyes,
no fish, no coral, no bottom and no surface,
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide,
Just me and the darkness the colour of new jeans.
My limbs are heavy, weighing me down,
And very slowly,
I begin to sink.

I go to scream, but my lungs have no air,
So only pain greets me.
I thrash like a madman, only to sink further,
I reach for something,
Anything,
And find nothing.
Except you.

Somehow, you are there before me.
I didn't see or hear you approach,
It is like you were always there.
A form as palpable as mist
and solid as the Earth.
You move closer and I can make out your face,
Every inch flawless, a statue carved from flesh,

My heart throbs as we touch,
From anxiety, yes, but also euphoria,
As the feeling reaches my bones, I know I am
not alone.
Very slowly, our bodies become one,
I don't resist.
The flesh sews itself together, obviously flawed
But in a sentimental way, for mistakes are what make us human.
I stop moving, and then breathing, and then, upon completion, thinking,
For I never want to be apart from you.

We drift down into the depths,
Blue turning to black,
I used to be afraid of the dark, but no more,
For what we are is abstract,
No longer bound by man's comprehensions
Nor nature's laws.
It is only my love for you that remains,
Deeper than existence itself,
As the two of us sink into the Nirvana, together.

And then I wake up.

JAMIE LEVERETT

LIVING ROOM

I was Marghlara, somebody.

PECKHAM, JUNE 2025

The cinema of us was vulgar; an erotic betrayal staged under the sweat of a forming summer.

clammy bedrooms
naked midnight dances
caught in suicide traps

The rape that I was describing as a badly handled affair.

We were in side streets.

velvets of skin
bruising orange glow
vomit patch prodigies

Somerlyton Estate, studying how saliva pooled
in the mouths of men dressed in the same accents as our fathers,
too young to understand where the spaces of innocence stopped.

In the only language we had, we mispronounced this as our legacy.

Born into the art of bus routes, motors rushing as we rushed our nights into the wrong houses, hotels, Sully's parade of snow, the friends who were set up wrong, making our disguises our only skin, only to chase a taxi, only for it to be dawn, trying to tell the truth of all of that living and finding out that it was just life and there was no script, singing, slacking, searching for reason, to come out of it saying that it was all still so beautiful, but it was never the truth.
Taking ourselves out, out from all of it, living in raw skin, in our villa of white plastic chairs burning, into the pavement, into our smoke.

The night before we knew it was over, I decided that I wanted to be taken out, out from all of it. I wore my body like a coat, peeled off in the heat of another man's march. I was braided hair and rolled skirts and sticky, sticky in a bustle of strangers, only speaking in the dark, hazed in a high, rotating in the face of a nearby past, trapped in my own heat, like it was

There I said to Oyin,
Nothing here was pretty, that there was nothing left to think.
I was taking the money, I was going to go be a real girl,
something, a poet, a writer, something. That it didn't really
matter what happened to me here, it never needed to be retold,
it would be an ode to the life of a nobody, and it was over,
just over.

Smiling with the corner of her mouth pinched,
we were older now-

Don't tell me, don't tell your dad.
Find a lover, get on the train and
tell nobody you're leaving. You run.
Run as far as you can, run, run
and never stop running.

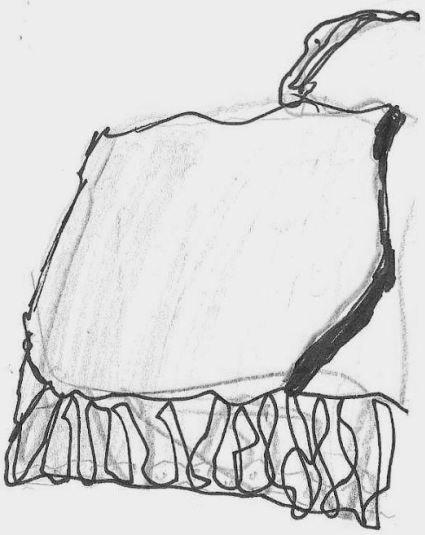
It's all one big movie anyways.

MARGHLARA KHAKWANI

LOUVRE

DAPHNE LAM

Mary Janes and see-through stockings, empty orange light and runaway halls. The wind in my hair rustles and dances, echoing against tangles, holding on for dear life. Judgement from portraits of ancient rich lords, sliding their eyes as I trail my fingertips against thick moving waves of paint. Marble, holy white walls, floating steps against swirly stairs and french kisses pressed against red silk. Pirouetting behind antique columns, fingers dangling atop my bottom lip, his brown curls, staring at him with spacey eyes and breathless hot air. We chit chat, we ruffle against rougher sheets- imprinting dark profiles for the time being, soul-sucking kisses behind jovial eyes, feeling my eyes down there. Hiding my giggles, fluttering about, dunking sharp wine down my throat before they catch me and all that's left is a puddle on the ceiling, creating Adam just for Michelangelo.



THE TROUBLEMAKERS

Remmie and Daisy

STAINED PAPERS
till death do us part
BLACK ATTIRE
was it? well
SHE WORE
red, hints of bruises
REMEMBER THEM
in this moment,
not in their downfall

Tut aww

LOOK AT THIS
ink stained again
THIS TIME
a printer, not a pen
A MEMORY
blown up to this

the first time they met
opposite
definitions meanings effects

OFFER
flowers to both
CLAIM
it was their idea all along

blooming buds, placeholders, them
THE REAPER AND THEIR DESIRE

STAINED LIVES
till death do we want

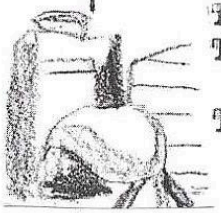
All we do is go looking for feelings.
Innate nature is to want more.

LIFE IS THE OPPOSITE OF DEATH
IN PRACTICE, IT'S DESIRE

Trinity Fry

Tablet

And the oil
To flow



The gears
To twist

There it is
The semblance
Of quickness
The brakeless
The world

Of a thousand
Ways

Devoured
To a heart's content

(Tablette)

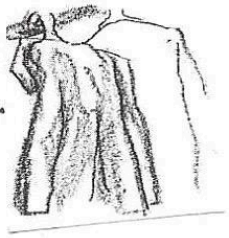
Et l'huile
de couler

Les engrenages
de vriller

Et voilà
Le semblant
De vite,
L'effréné

Le monde
Aux mille
Voies

Dévorées
à tout Soûl



Joel Biland

CLOSING THE DOOR

[redacted]

I4K

I4 KINGSLEY AVENUE
MY ROOM? the first

Writing society was a refuge for me.

I was offered the role of Secretary around the time of my second hospitalisation last year. My dad was driving me home. I had callouses on my ass. My head swerved with every turn. I pulled up my shirt to see a bruise that began at my pelvisa and stopped before my breasts. A straw braid tickled bulbous pimples on my chin. W I swept my fingers down from the top of the open window. Four badly placed scratches and the viewoof all the smiling men and women as we turned into Peckham.

That was it. That was nineteen, when I just didn't know. I had no mother to return to, but I swear I heard her breathing in the dark, I swear I Could see her face lace in the tiles. And I didn'tv make it, I didn't get to live the dream she wanted for herself, the one she gave to me. I didn't get the university or the course. My body, my mind fell into the wrong hands, over and over again. I was raped and all the adults I had told just didn't listen.

Later, a friend of mine described my grooming as a consequence of my own extreme behaviour of meeting up with old men. I was a drunk and that was it. I had opened every door and she mocked me for it. The way I spoke about my body was shameless. How I addressed my life was uncomfortable. I am a Pakistani Muslim woman – I am unnatural.

My story was a white page. I was nineteen and there was no language. I didn't have my own story.

And it hurt to sit on the car ride home from the hospital. I wasn't sure I could make it back to uni in September, and neither were the doctors – but my father was. He told me he'd take me out of the grave I was making for myself, just to see me write.

I had spent so long wordless, I stopped writing. I only had a blank page to give. Every speech I made, I buried under shower water. My words were patchy, ugly drawn things, misspelt, badly worded, wrong. All my sentences were wrong, I was wrong.

So, I started peeling pages, waving flags of orange peels while waiting out the summer heat. I wanted stories. I read the ones of Jerusalem, Naples, Egypt. Books about languorous summers wasted for one expensive affair, illicit business deals in New Jersey, a shepherd watching the sun, waiting for alchemy. I started reciting scripts, and that was all of my August. And the haunted nights where all my sleep was terror, the fear that at any moment I could have someone's hands on me and I wouldn't be able to stop it.

I could only look through windows, scroll through social media stories, watching my friends summer in the London I once had. The money from my first job - drank, spent, wasted. I wasn't allowed to be of the world, to step out alone, to open the front door.

I had to leave, so I did. I found my way to Kingsley Avenue and the first room of my own. I worked three days as a maleskirt waitress, spilling drinks on chipped tables, burning cigarettes on wet bin bags. Until I quit with £150 to add as a trophy alongside my stolen mirror and books.

And for the first time, I really did think I could do it, I could make something and it would be mine, my life, mine.

Then I had this thought that I would celebrate that, no matter how, I would find a way to collect other peoples words and put them up, on a page.

I wanted the words people had dreamed, imagined.
I wanted the stories of people like me, who had spent life writing pages on the concrete, takeaway pamphlets, napkins - those who couldn't afford the paper yet.

Unsupported, my original plans for an exhibition fell through - and in my hands were the secrets of forty people.
And they were waiting.

And I wanted to give proof that their words had weight, that their midnight scribbles were enough to be put in print - because they are, because their honesty was enough to be noticed.

I bring Notes from the Undressed forth as my last gift to Writing Society. I hand typed almost every page on my own, I pricked the sequences, chapters, words. I pictured a stranger's flat in my mind and put poems on their walls.

It was as I said, by my hand crafted Fresher's Booth, if you believed in something, I wanted to believe in it too - and I really did.

Notes from the Undressed, for you,
because of you.

From Marghlara Khalewani,
and Thank You.